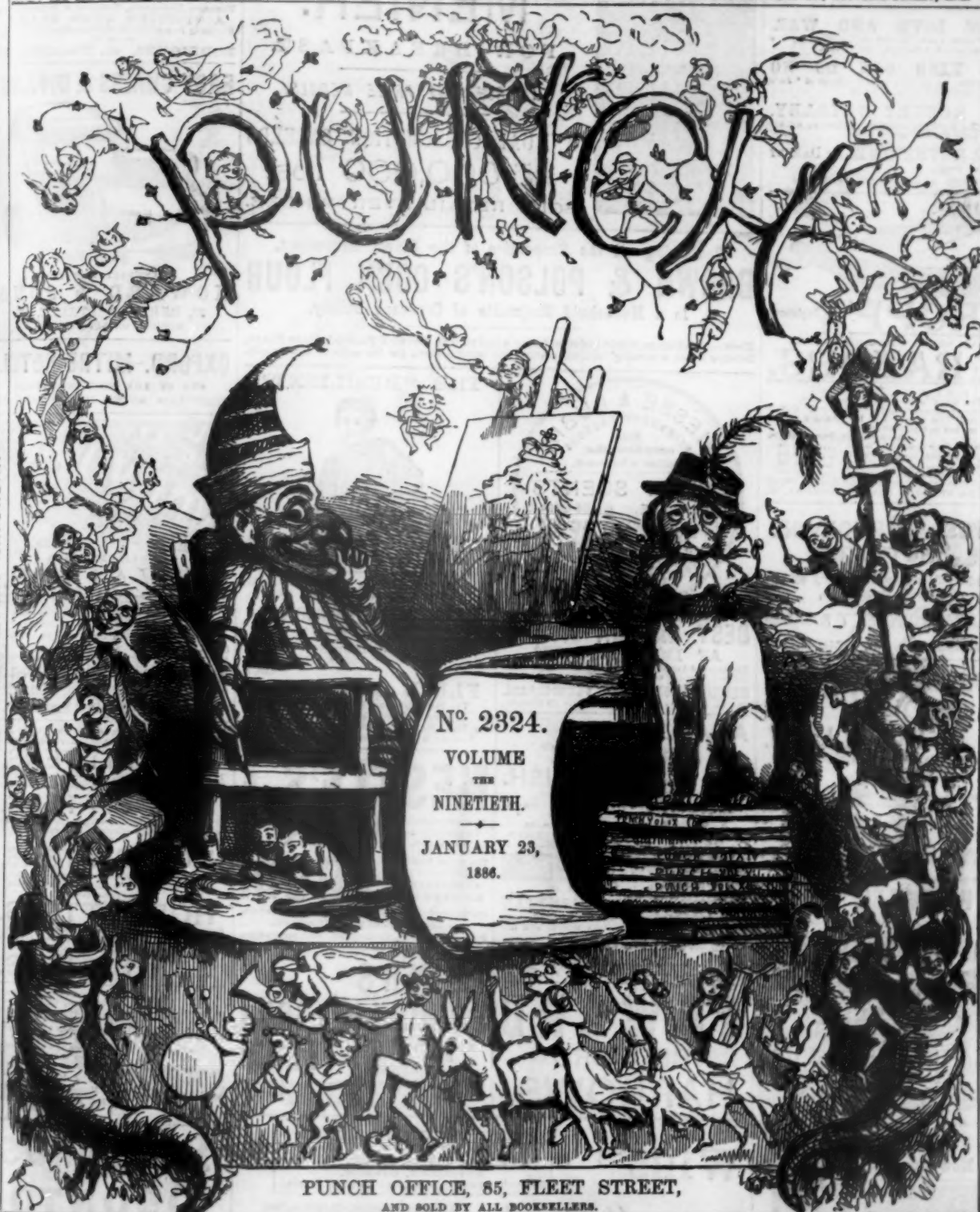


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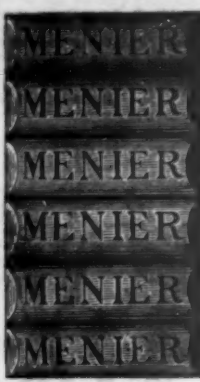
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BENSON'S, 61, St. Paul's Churchyard.
 1s., 2s., & 3s. per 100. Samples, 6 for 1s. (14 stamps).

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 sold in Bottles, 1 pint is, 4s. 6d., direct from the
 Manufacturer (Carriage Paid to any part of the
 British Isles), or from any respectable Chemist,
 London, W. STYON & CO., 10, New Church Street,
 Farnham and Testimonials post free.
EL TEB CO., SHEFFIELD.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the
 of your duties, avoid stimulants and take
HOP BITTERS.
 If you are a man of letters, boiling over your
 night work, to restore brain and nerve waste, take
HOP BITTERS.
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 suffering from the effects of any over-indulgence,
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HOP BITTERS.
 If you are married or single, old or young, suffering
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HOP BITTERS.
 Have you STOMACHIC, RINDY or URGENT CONSTIPATION,
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 The CATARRH SPECIFIC
 is a certain speedy cure for cold,
 feverish cold, cold in the
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 stomach, and dyspepsia.
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 Is the cheapest Tooth Powder, because it is the
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"JACK'S ALIVE!"

(About the Gaiety, from "NIDLET.")

SIR.—Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD's "sacred lamp" is flaring up once more. The daring Duumvirate, Messrs. STEPHENS AND YARDLEY,



Les Deux A-Jacks!

have followed the traditions of previous "sacred lamp-oil-and-local-colour-men," at the Gaiety, and produced a rattling and rollicking show. There are some old jokelets and an old tune or so, but I rejoice to add, old faces in it as well. There are our old friends the unhappy Cobbler and Cricketer puns that are ruthlessly and remorselessly worked out to the "last," and the "wicket." Once a fine old paternal pun of this sort sets off, do we not instinctively know that its sisters and cousins and aunts are crowding after it, and because I give an instant's laughing welcome to a dear old familiar joke, I don't see why I should be forced to entertain all its poor relations. Again, with all profound æsthetic respect for our "OSCAR," I do not see what point is gained by his harmless name being inserted between "JONATHAN" and "WILD." Still, as there was necessarily a WILD in the story, the temptation to bring in OSCAR was, I suppose, irresistible.

MISS FARREN, as far as the Gaiety is concerned, has been a-resting herself, and it is rather hard on her that, on her return, she should be so frequently arrested as she is when playing, as she only can do it, *Jack Sheppard*. She comes back to pastures old, bringing an excellent tail behind her; for indeed we must go back to the Misses CONSTANCE LOSEBY and TREMAINE period to find such a singing company as is now gathered together on these boards.

The scenery is effective, specially The House-tops; but here, where there was excellent opportunity for practical fun, the chance is lost, and except for Mr. LESLIE sitting on the spikes of the prison wall, nothing is done to raise a smile,—at least as *Dr. Barnardo*, or *Bucellas*, or one of those gentlemen in *Hamlet* who saw the *Ghost*, says, "Not when I saw it!"

Mdles. MARION HOOD, WADMAN, and Mr. LESLIE are a tuneful triad, and raise the show to operatic level. Its descriptive title is not peculiarly happy; they call it a *Burlesque-Operatic-Melodrama*. It isn't a melodrama and it burlesques nothing. It is an *opéra-bouffe* pure and simple,—which cannot be said for most *opéra-bouffes*,—and there is no need of polyglot pother about its christening. However, the story, as far as *Jack* is concerned, is well told; but the *Thames Darrell* and *Wini-fred Wood* part is a trifle misty.

Its music, like the society in the "Cave of Harmony," is somewhat mixed, and I am not sure that it was wise to turn on the "Seven Champion Composers of Choral Christendom." Still, it did my heart good to hear our one boy, "our JAMES" rolling out the old song sung in the melodrama of long long ago. By the way, this very ancient song, first sung in the original drama of *Jack Sheppard* at the Adelphi, obtained five genuine encores; so, judging by this, where was the use of engaging the Seven Champion Composers, whose united efforts don't come to much beyond prettiness? All the young "Doodles and Dooches" in the stalls warmed to this ditty of

Blue-skin's, and accepted the sensible social warning conveyed to them, to be sure that "all is their own as they touchesses," as they rolled home in their gilded chariots, singing "*Tooral, li-oural, ti-oddy*." Mr. JAMES is too subdued and subfusc. "Blue-devils" need not necessarily attend "*Blue-skin*," and if this capital actor doesn't mean to pose as a burlesque "*Melancholy JACQUES-JAMES*," or "*Dismal JEMMY*," he must put aside memories of comedy successes, be jovial as he can be, and as for that wig, and fixings generally, "*Blew the lot!*" Miss WADMAN is brilliant and earnest as *Thames Darrell*; indeed the brightness and tunefulness throughout are mainly due to her. Miss HOOD looks like a delicate mediæval maiden stolen from a stained-glass window, and is sweet and saintly. Mr. LESLIE might easily be mistaken in make-up and manner for Mr. TERRY, only he has the advantage over the latter in singing, as his decision and clear crackling voice are of the highest possible value; and so are his crackling fingers. Mr. ODELL's disguise is funny, but he is indistinct, and his method is desperately decrepit. A dance by Mr. WILLIE WARDE and Miss SILVIA GREY is one of the best things in the piece. Paterfamilias need have no fear of a visit to this happy *Sheppard* turning out a boy-burglar, or a nursery highway mannikin.

SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK ROAD.

IN any patriotic Briton, proud of his country's "crowning common sense," desires to demonstrate it to any Intelligent Foreigner of his acquaintance, let him take that Intelligent Foreigner—thickly shod, and carefully mackintoshed—to the "Approach," as it is humorously called, leading from Denmark Road to the Camberwell Railway Station. If the I. F. is not astonished, it will be clear that he has resided for some time in our "City of Dreadful Dirt," and, like the bulk of its long-suffering Citizens, has grown absolutely proof against astonishment of any kind.

This Approach—excellent joke that!—combines the varied advantages of a Dismal Swamp, a Dust Yard, and a Drain. It is divided—conventionally, and for the fun of the thing—into roadway and footpath. It is not possible, however, to determine either where one begins and the other ends, or which of the two is the more distastefully detestable. The chronic condition of each may be described as Slush. Sometimes the Slush is sticky, sometimes it is sloppy, but, in all but the very driest or frostiest weather, it is always Slush. After long-continued drought or frost, it is occasionally improved into a boulder-sprinkled dust-heap, or a hummocked ice-field. When, in its quagmire condition, the roadway becomes absolutely impassable, some one pitches a lot of stones and shards pell-mell into the mud thereof, to be trodden in by such traffic as is unhappily compelled to pass that way. When the footway gets more than ankle-deep in mire, a feeble-looking official is to be seen scooping damp drift from the road, which he plasters over the path, pats down with a shovel, and leaves to be reduced to slime by the first rainfall.

The Camberwell folk may like it, at any rate (and the Rates are not exceptionally low) they seem to put up with it. But the wayfarer who alights casually at the Camberwell Station will not be so easily pleased. But then what can he do? Borrow a shovel, and begin the work himself? Perhaps this is the humorous idea of "The Authorities."

MISSION TO DEEP-SEA FISHERMEN.—This sounds practical. Of course the deeper the Sea-fishermen the greater the need of the Mission.

THE usual Ball of Rejoicing was held by the Frozen-Out Fox hunters, on the first night of the thaw. This time-honoured festivity is always called The Melton Snow Ball.

HIS LAST APPEARANCE.

IN behalf of an excellent charity, H.R.H. Duke ORPHEUS, Admiral-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, once more drew bow at St. James's Hall last Saturday night. Bravely did our gallant Admiral lead the amateur orchestra; daringly did he alone engage in a hand-to-hand combat with a Nobby-ligato, whence, to the great delight of the Snobby-ligati, he issued undefeated. Sharps and flats fell before him, till the last bar was reached in triumph. *Bravissimo!* it was a thrilling fight. We may mention incidentally that the vocal accompaniment was sung by a somebody called Madam ALBANY.



Rehearsing.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE YOUNG AND GOOD-LOOKING ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH—AND DOESN'T MIND!

My Lady. "A—PRAY FORGIVE OUR INTRODUCTION—BUT—A—IS IT TRUE THAT ARTISTS' MODELS ARE BECOMING THE PETS OF SOCIETY?"

Our Artist. "IT SAYS SO IN PUNCH'S ALMANACK, MADAM! SURELY THAT IS SUFFICIENT PROOF!"

My Lady. "QUITE SO. A—OUR DAUGHTER IS DESIROUS OF EARNING A LITTLE MONEY THAT WAY—A—A—"

Our Artist. "IT'S VERY HARD WORK, MADAM, AND POOR PAY,—ONLY A SHILLING AN HOUR!"

My Lady. "OH, THAT WOULD DO VERY WELL. A—WE WOULD SEND AND FETCH HER IN THE CARRIAGE AT ANY TIME CONVENIENT TO YOURSELF, AND—A—OF COURSE SHE WOULD ALWAYS BE ACCOMPANIED BY HER MAID WHEN SIR CHARLES OR MYSELF COULDN'T COME."

OUR LIST OF AMUSEMENTS. TO-DAY.

WEST Hackney Auction Rooms.—Meeting of Funeral Reform League. 8'30.

Bayswater Athenæum.—"The Microbe in Butter." 8.

Hampton Wick Institute.—"The History of Fog." 8.

Marylebone Club House.—Indigent Coalheavers' Jubilee Association. 7'30.

Hornsey Scientific Institute.—"The Rise and Progress of Sausage-making in Europe." 8'30.

Homerton Town Hall.—Dr. RICHARDSON on "The Deceased Grandmother's Place in Society." 8.

Society of Arts.—"Life in a Main Drain in the Middle Ages." 8'30.

Mile End Sanatorium.—"Prize Essay on Sea Sickness." 8.

Hammersmith Free Hall.—"Change Ringing on Deaf and Dumb Bells, with Illustrations." 6'30.

N.B.—For further particulars, see Lists in Daily Papers.

A Disclaimer and a Doubt.

MR. GLADSTONE declares that he never did call Prince BISMARCK a fiend or a devil at all.

So on such a report he at once puts a squelcher;

But some scribbling worm un-

-Acquainted with German,

Might, from the quotation,*

With equivocation,

Charge GLADSTONE, and say that he *had* styled him "*Welcher*."

* "*Welcher selbst den Reichskanzler einmal—a fiend—einen Satan nannte.*"—*Cologne Gazette*, quoted in *Daily Telegraph*, January 16th.

WHY HE LEAVES.

LORD CARNARVON's departure from Dublin Castle is said to be due to the fact that—

He doesn't exactly know why, but somehow the place doesn't suit him;

He suffers so much there from chronic catarrh;

He is obliged to attend the meeting of the Cabinet Council;

He has received a telegram from Lord SALISBURY, saying, "You are no use, and had better come out of it";

He is afraid, if he stays, the LORD MAYOR will not attend his next drawing-room;

He rather likes the idea of being "the last of the Viceroy's";

He wants to meditate on the further working of the suspension of the Crimes Act, from a distance;

He thinks, as he has been in office nearly six months, it is about time for him to resign;

He is anxious to see how the country will get on without him;

He has always been fond of dropping out of a Government;

And finally that, in so doing on this occasion, he is only anticipating by a few weeks the action of all his colleagues.

THE subjoined advertisement appears in the pages of a contemporary:—

WANTED, a Male Night ATTENDANT, capable of playing 1st Violin.—Apply to the Superintendent, County Lunatic Asylum, &c.

There is so much mystery in the picture here suggested, of this midnight first-fiddle discharging his simultaneous duties as attendant on a set of County lunatics, that one wonders whether the superintendent has been deputing the advertising of the establishment to some of the inmates. The place appears to be called Hatt-on. A more appropriate name for it would be *Tile-off*.

AT PARTING.



Mrs. Hibernia, Landlady of the Castle. "It's SORRY I AM YE'RE GOING, MY LORD, FOR IT'S YOURSELF IS THE NICE AIN-GOING PURTY-SPOKEN SAY-NO-THING-TO-NOBODY SORT O' GENTLEMAN ENTIRELY, THAT ANYONE CAN GET ON WITH. AND IF YE'RE NOT COMING BACK, MAYBE YE'LL

RECOMMEND THE PLACE TO THE DUKE O' CON-NAUGHT. SURE HE'D FIND IT THE HOIGHTS OF GOOD LIVING, AND PLEASANT QUARTERS FOR SUMMER AND WINTER, IF HE'D ONLY COME AN' MAKE HIMSELF AT HOME. GOOD LUCK TO YE, MY LORD!"

THE FOX RECENTLY CAUGHT AND KILLED IN THE MARYLEBONE ROAD.—A Policeman was in at the death, and got the brush! In view of there being several sly Reynards about, several packs of hounds will be started. The first to start will be the Tottenham Court Road Fox-Hounds. Meet at the "Horse-Shoe." It is uncertain whether Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, now at the Avenue Theatre, will be the M.F.H. or not. Messrs. SANGER and HENGLER will, of course, be to the front.

"I OBJECT to the test," observed Mr. BR-DL-CH. "You mean," said a Conservative Member, "you object to the book ceremony." "Yes," replied Mr. BR-DL-CH, who had been "brought to book" twice in one day, "that's the test-I-meant."

WHAT WILL BE THE CONSERVATIVE POLICY FOR IRELAND?—*Home Rule, cum grano Sahis-bury?*



MORE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Pompous Merchant (to the Office Boy). "THERE, GEORGE!" (Giving Christmas-Box.) "AND I HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A PLEASANT CHRISTMAS, AND THAT YOU'LL SPEND IT DECENTLY, AND AVOID INTEMP—"

George. "THANK YOU, SIR! THE SAME TO YOU, SIR!"

A YOUNG MASTER AMONG THE OLD 'UNS.

(At Burlington House.)

"WRIGHT of Derby"—his Pictures. The chief one is "*Orrery*;" and to this we should have assigned a special place of honour in a Chamber of Orreries. To anyone unacquainted with the subject, it appears to represent "a Lecture on Crinoline," given by an elderly gentleman to some youthful pupils, while a foreman in the business is taking notes for measurement. The scene is lighted, apparently, by naphtha lamps. According to Mr. SEYMOUR HADEN's letter in the *Times*, injustice was done by the Academy to WRIGHT by putting GARVEY, "a painter of gentlemen's seats," over his head. This, as reading oddly, is rather a startling piece of information,—quite a HADEN's surprise. But whatever might have been GARVEY's merits, they need not have been transcendent to have insured his being preferred to WRIGHT of Derby,—that is, to judge from the specimens here exhibited. As far as admitting his works at all, the public verdict might be thus summarised,—WRIGHT of Derby,—wrong of Academy.

Let us call on a few of the Old Masters.

First visit No. 184. HENRY VIII., by HOLBEIN. Could this sensual cruel-looking, heavy-jowled weazel-eyed scoundrel in jewels and gold, ever have been, when a youth, the handsomest young man of his time? Or even among the handsomest? Where, in the name of all that's charming, could ever have been his fascinations? Yet, like the Man of St. Ives, he had several wives, and nearly all these ladies lost their heads on his account. No wonder the Reformation came in his time, for no one could have wanted reforming more than this most Gracious Monarch and Defender of the Faith. Justice is now meted out to him: and this unhung scoundrel is hung at last, No. 184, Gallery No. IV., of Burlington House.

Go for consolation to No. 123, by LEONARDO DA VINCI. "*La Madonna del basso rilievo*." This is lovely. But for the rigid, angular, melancholy-mouthed Saints and Angels of the ancient Masters, who can honestly express admiration?

"THE QUEEN! THE QUEEN!"

PEOPLE'S SONG FOR THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

(AIR—"My Queen!")

WHERE and how we should earliest meet her,
What were the words she would deign to say,
When we might next have a chance to greet her
We knew not, but we know to-day.
With her loyal People gazing upon her,
Streaming on where her face is seen,
She comes, the Lady we all would honour,
And the shout rings out of, "THE QUEEN
The QUEEN!"

We did not dream of this pageant stately,
But greet its coming with great delight.
A crisis great should be fronted greatly,
And so her presence is surely right.
'Tis a time of trouble, O Royal Lady!
Dark signs of danger ahead are seen;
But whenever it comes it shall find us ready,
To do our *devoir*, our QUEEN!
Our QUEEN!

We must be watchful, not melancholy,
Courage rises poor fears above,
Whether our birth be lofty or lowly,
We'll all dare all for the land we love.
You may trust its soil to our loyal keeping,
Ever your strength upon ours may lean,
Traitors shall fall or, like worms, go creeping,
Ere they hush our shout of, "THE QUEEN!
The QUEEN!"

Shocking!

MRS. ARTHUR ARNOLD, who has been cigaretted—no, we mean openly—agitating on the question of Tobacco-smoking, will be shocked to see the following advertisement from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A LADY with small capital, wishes to JOIN a widow lady or married couple in a cigar or other light business. References exchanged.

The Lady is certainly a moderate smoker if she wishes to share her cigar with "a widow lady or married couple." But stay! That "other light business" possibly means a bundle of cigarettes or a big pipe to be passed round! It is too dreadful!

Pay a long visit to No. 89, by VANDYCK. It is a "*Portrait of a Gentleman*," and is highly finished, though only the picture of a man "done in the buff." If it were not so evidently the portrait of a gentleman, it might have been described as "*The Portrait of a Ruff*."

But, heavens! No. 90! "*An Interior*," by JAN STEEN. What a family! Boors pigging it! The Lowest of Low Dutch!—and yet not so very low, except in manners, or rather in the absence of anything like civilised manners. What says the Official Guide-Book? "On the opposite side of the table is seated a Gentleman, with his leg in the lap of a Lady, who is offering him a glass of wine." Ladies and Gentlemen, just look at these specimens of a "Lady and Gentleman." Wouldn't you rather see a classic study from the nude model (by permission of our excellent and undefeated friend, Mr. J. CLOTHES-HORSLEY) than this bestial scene, no matter how perfect the painting may be?

Did we regret Mr. VAN BREKERS having chucked away his talent on those clever, eccentric, but, after all, worthless pictures exhibited in the Salon Parisien? Why, certainly. And so we may well be sorry that JAN STEEN should have found nothing more to his taste for portrayal than the manners and customs of those loutish schnapps-drinking, beer-swilling Low Dutchmen.

On one of these go-loshy, gosloshy London wintry westry days go to the Turner Collection, where all is sunshine and warmth, except one or two, which can be left for another visit, when it's fine outside. After this, cross over to see CLAUDE's "*Sunset*," then button up your coat, pull tight your muffler, and get back home again as quickly as possible. *Au revoir!*

WE have heard and read so much of the astuteness of the French Police that we shall watch the search for the murderer of Monsieur BARRÈME with unusual interest. The tragic story has commenced with just such a chapter as might have opened a novel like *La Main Coupée*, or *Le Crime de l'Omibus*, or *Le Crime de l'Opéra*. How will it end?





“THE QUEEN

(Scene from the revival of a grand

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—“Gloriana” . . . HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY. Sir Walter



THE QUEEN!"

(Grand Drama at the Theatre Royal, Westminster.)

Sir William . . . LORD SALISBURY. Earl of Leicester . . . RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.



"I THINK SHE"

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CONSOLATION.

Mr. Dean (sympathetically). "AH, MY POOR FELLOW, YOUR CASE IS VERY SAD, NO DOUBT! BUT REMEMBER THAT THE RICH HAVE THEIR TROUBLES TOO. I DARE SAY, NOW, YOU CAN SCARCELY REALISE WHAT IT IS NOT TO KNOW WHERE TO FIND AN INVESTMENT WHICH WILL COMBINE ADEQUATE SECURITY WITH A DECENT INTEREST ON ONE'S MONEY!"

A LITTLE GIRL'S SAD STORY!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I KNOW that you are always very kind and good in everything that affects us children, especially where it is something of a perfectly dreadful character, such as I am going to describe to you for the good of all little girls like myself who go out in the cold winter nights to beautiful evening parties dressed in all our beautiful dresses and hoping to get plenty of nice partners.

My elder sister FANNY tells me, she never shall forget how good you were to her, some years ago, when she wrote to tell you about going to a beautiful evening party at the beautiful Mansion House where the great LORD MAYOR lives, in a beautiful white Satin Dress, wondering how many partners she would have during the evening, and whether they would all be nice ones. And how, to her deep sorrow and astonishment, she was told that the LORD MAYOR was such a very serious old gentleman of the Scotch nation that he would not allow any dancing in the Mansion House all his long dismal year, but that instead of that delicious darling amusement they were to have conjuring tricks and some very stout persons dressed in chalk and ginger-beer and lemonade, and how she almost cried with vexation, and was really very glad to go home! Only fancy, dear Mr. Punch, very glad to go home! Well, as you were so very good as to put her letter in I do hope you will put in mine.

Oh, dear Mr. Punch, I have had such a week as, I suppose, no poor little girl like me ever had before. We were all asked to go to the Mansion House, on Twelfth Night, to a fancy-dress Ball! me and my two sisters, and cousin Frank. I was dressed like a real fairy and carried a magic wand, my sisters like Night and Morning, and cousin FRANK like a sailor, and beautiful we all looked, and FRANK said we ought to be photographed, and he wouldn't mind being a shilling towards it; wasn't it good of him?

Well, we set off about 6 o'clock, but it was so dreadfully slippery that the horses had to walk all the way, and as we were going up a very steep hill, which FRANK said in his funny way, must be a good hill because it led to the Angel, though I don't know a bit what he meant, one of the horses tumbled down and out himself so badly that the Coachman said it was impossible to go further, so the carriage was turned round and we were driven slowly

home! I need not tell you how I cried with disappointment. But it was a misfortune, so like a sensible child, as I hope I am, I soon got over it and went to sleep.

But on the Friday we all went out to a nice evening party and as it was so cold Mamma made us all take our hats with us to come home in, and a most beautiful party it was. But oh, Mr. Punch, judge of our feelings, which you cannot, as you don't wear them, when on going to get our lovely hats we found that the three horrid Cats they keep in the house had seized the beautiful birds, that of course we wear on them, and were rushing about the house tearing them all to pieces! I need not trouble you with the scene of horror that followed, when they were at length returned to us utterly ruined, but I do most sincerely and affectionately ask you to order that henceforth all horrid Cats shall be muzzled. ELAIE.

THE CHARTERHOUSE.

"FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIANA DOMUS!"

WHO'LL save the grand time-honoured place

By brick and mortar bounded,
Who with destruction would disgrace
The home that SUTTON founded?

'Twas here that centuries ago

The Friars' patient order

On land on which one rose would grow,

Laid out their patient border.

The simple fee he bade them bring

Mild Monks to noble lessor,

One English Rose for England's king,

One Mass for the Confessor!

Gone are the landmarks of the School

Old London's heart delighting,

Where RICHARD LOVELACE played the fool,

And CRASHAW took to fighting!

Past with the Charterhouse away,

Wit, Soldier, and Debater—

Gone our own LEECH and THACKERAY,

Who loved their "*Alma Mater*"—

Gone RUSSELL's, SAUNDER's, ELDER's days—

Gone memories of Comus,

On Founders' Day: the speeches, plays—

"*Carthusiana Domus*."

And must the ruin fall as well

On cloister, courts, and grasses?

Will progress hush the Chapel Bell

Destroy the tombs and brasses?

May Charterhouse behold no more

In chapel dimly lighted,

The black-gowned brothers lads adore

The "Cods" that boys delighted?

Blest shades of ADDISON and STEELE

That round the buildings hover,

The home where wits have knelt and kneel,

Destroy not, but recover!

This silent corner of the town

Green-girdled, still, oasis

The home of gentlemen in gown,

Of love and light the basis!

Here in old Hall have swelled the list,

Great names—the world should know it,

MONTGOMERY, the famous dramatist,

And HERAUD critic-poet.

There in the evening of his days,

Dwells one who silence mellow,

MORTON the MADISON of plays,

Best Box and Cox of fellows!

There rest the present, with the past,

Do not destroy—restore them.

And "*Adsum*" they will cry at last,

As *Newcome* did before them!

THEATRE Royal, Bond Street. Admission to the Gallery (Grosvenor) One Shilling. The most successful Millais-drama of the Season, in 154 Acts.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, January 12th.—New Parliament met to-day. Got up at Six o'clock, intending to earn great prize of being first in. To sit on door-step for few hours in bleak January morning, nothing to me if I can only bring honour upon Berkshire. Making my way in the dark along piazza leading to entrance, stumbled over a bundle. Thought it was a sack of flour. Found it was HAVELOCK camping out all night. Rather glad these fellows, for there were half-a-dozen of them, were beaten, after all. BLAKE got himself carried inside in a clothes-basket; and when HAVELOCK and the rest raced in, they found Member for Forest of Dean in possession.

Went down again at One o'clock. Found place full; PETER RYLANDS doing the honours of the occasion, showing new Members over the House, and indicating the various points of interest.

"That's where I sit," he said to admiring circle of new Members. "That's GLADSTONE's place, and here's LORD RANDOLPH's old corner. BRIGHT often comes and sits beside me." PETER, he says, as he edges me out of the corner seat, "if there's one thing I do like, it's the company of a sensible man."

The crowd quickly thickens, and the chatter grows louder, till it reaches a deafening roar. Sir CHARLES FOSTER, who has

direction whence the sounds came, and for the first time beheld JOSEPH GILLIS engaged in his senatorial duties. *Business done.*—Mr. PEEL re-elected Speaker.

Wednesday.—Been a terrible bout of swearing to-day. Began at Two o'clock, continued without intermission till Half-past Five.

"Our army in Flanders was nothing to this," said TREVELYAN, looking on.

A strange scene. SPEAKER comfortably seated in the Chair, but that the only mark of repose in Chamber. Floor thronged. In the centre towered the familiar face of BRADLAUGH, almost as red as on the day when he was kicked down-stairs à la Daddy Longlegs, because he wouldn't say his prayers. Two tables in the middle, of the floor against which Members were pitilessly crushed.

"Shall carry mark of the edge of that table till I'm no more," said WIGGIN, pressing his pliable sides.

"More like the pit door of the Lyceum on a first night," said DIXON-HARTLAND, who knows all about theatres, their exits and their entrances.

Slowly stream advanced bearing BRADLAUGH on its crest. B. has had much practice in swearing, having twice privately administered the oath to himself. Marks careful character of the man, that to-day he



THE NEW PARLIAMENT. Sketched by an Old Member.

already lost his hat, goes mooning about, getting in everybody's way. But he wants his hat, and will have it.

"Don't know who we've got here now, TOBY," he said, after by searching glance satisfying himself that I at least was innocent. "A good roomy hat, that's been knocking about the House these last fourteen years, might prove too strong a temptation for some of these new Members."

Came upon BRADLAUGH sitting limp in Library, his massive bosom heaving with sobs.

"What's the matter now?" I asked. "Are you weeping because your game's up, and you are likely now to be allowed to take the Oath without that extensive advertising which some good people gratuitously supplied you with?"

"No, TOBY, it's not that," BRADLAUGH said, in voice choked with emotion. "I am shedding a tear for dear old GOSSET. The place is not the same without him. ERSKINE's a good fellow, most gentlemanly man, and a little nearer my height. But GOSSET knew my step. You may have observed when in the old times we waltzed between the Bar and Mace, how easily we turned at the proper moment. That was partly practice, but largely special adaptability. We were made for each other; and the idea of taking a fresh partner at my time of life is painful. I think I'll quietly take the Oath, and make an end of the business."

SPEAKER sworn-in in good old-fashioned style. Everybody unanimous, save that from time to time, whilst proposer and seconder were speaking, there came from below the Gangway to the left a creaking voice which cried "No!" and a harsh laugh which laughed "Ha! ha!" New Members looking up quickly turned their eyes in the

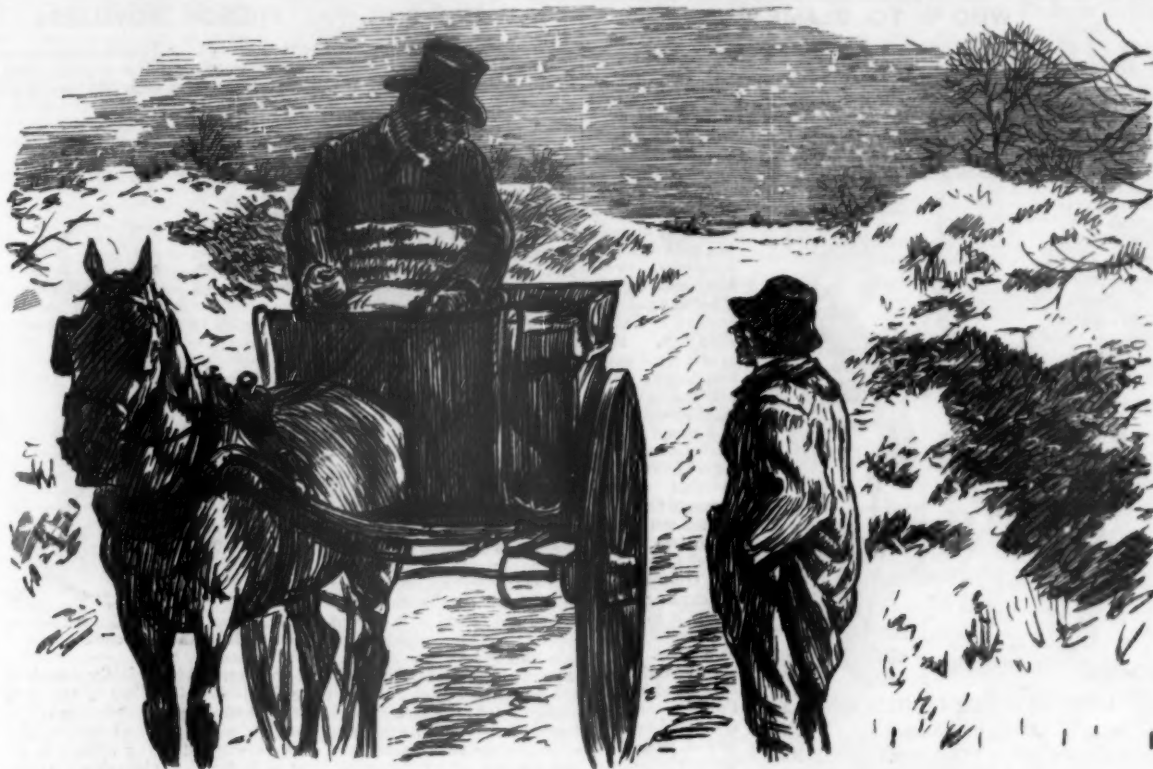
should have had a rehearsal at the end of the table. Picked up testament as soon as he reached table, and said a swear to himself. Did it over again when he reached the Clerk. Introduced to the SPEAKER in due form, though, as SPEAKER said he, "thought he'd seen him before," and so round by back of the chair into obscurity. Here and thus endeth what is called "the BRADLAUGH incident," an incident just five years long. *Business done.*—Swearing-in like anything.

Thursday.—Letter this morning from CHRISTOPHER SYKES, who, I regret to say, is reported to be laid up with a sprained ankle:—

DEAR TOBY,

Brantinghamthorpe, *Wednesday.*
I'm here laid up—ahem!—with sprained ankle. It will, I fear, be some time before I am able to take my share in those Parliamentary duties which I love so well, and for which I am so admirably fitted. The fact is, TOBY (but this, of course, is between you and me), I was at the House on Tuesday, and got such a fright that I took the first train north, and here I am, still shuddering when I think of it. Give you my word I never saw such a lot of fellows in my life. House of Commons was always a puzzle to me. Sometimes I have sat in side galleries, and looked down upon them, wondering what they meant, and how they could do it. The Zoo on a Sunday not in it for exciting a fellow's mind and making him wonder. There's GLADSTONE, for example. Think of a man at his age working all day, and then coming to the House to remain through the greater part of the night, and make speeches!

I once introduced a Bill, you know—something to do with Crab Sauce, and Oyster Salad. Don't remember at the time what became of it. Asked BARRINGTON to take charge of it in the Lords. But I



A WAVERER.

Village Doctor. "WELL, BLUNDY, HOW DID YOU VOIE, AFTER ALL?"

Rustic. "WELL, SIR, I PROM'ED THE BLEWS, BUT THE YALLERS GOT OVER MY MISSUS, AND I SAYS, 'YES.' SO WHEN I WENT TO THE BEWTH, AND THEY GIVES ME MY BALLOT-PAPER, 'CONSCIENCE FOR EVER!' SAYS I TO MYSELF, GOES INTO THE BOX, SHUTS MY EYES, AN' MAKES A BIG CROSS, FROMISC'OUS—AND LORD KNOWS HOW I VOTED!!"

fancy there was some difficulty about it in the Commons. I forgot one of the stages. Moved Third Reading before it got through Committee, or something of that kind. But I didn't care so long as I got the dem'd thing out of my hands. Never had such a time in my life. Used to wake up in the night to see Lobsters crawling up the wall, and Crabs searching for my big toe. A Great Personage took deep interest in the measure. Always inquired how it was getting on when he met me. That encouraging and gratifying. Shows H. R. H. keeps his eye upon public affairs, and takes profound interest in legislative measures. But not enough to compensate me for loss of rest, and necessity of sitting in the House of Commons an hour at a time, watching the Bill. Crabs and Lobsters were my first legislative care. They shall be my last.

But what I wanted to talk to you about, was these new fellahs. Upon honour, most remarkable gathering I ever saw. One fellow in rough tweed coat and billycock. Wanted to shake hands with me! Thought I should have died on the spot. Looked at him with glassy stare, and fled. Don't know that I shall turn up this Session. Reely couldn't stand it. If they wouldn't speak to me, would let me sit quietly by myself in side gallery, wouldn't mind. But when a creature in a rough tweed suit starts the way this one did, I know what will happen. Let me hear from you, from time to time, as to how things are going on. If you write from the House of Commons, pray fumigate the paper. I'll send you some violet pastilles if you haven't got any. In the meantime, I send you a sketch of how the new Members struck me. If H.R.H. asks after me, just tell him I have had a shock. The sprained ankle is of course a sham.

Ever yours faithfully,

C. SYKES.

Business done.—Still swearing.

Friday.—Swearing-in beginning to pall upon the taste. At end of first hour to-day, stream of Members dammed. Only some forty or fifty turned up, and when these were sworn-in, SPEAKER, after painful pause, adjourned House till Wednesday.

THE ATTITUDE OF GREECE.—Of course Classical.

FIAT LUSK!

We understand that Mr. Alderman LUSK is shortly to receive a handsome Testimonial from the hands of his innumerable friends and admirers. It is to take the shape of his own portrait, treated allegorically. This work of Art, which will be the joint production, we believe, of Mr. BURNE-JONES and a popular caricaturist, will represent the worthy Alderman as Pluto carrying off Proserpine. The treatment will be ingeniously adapted to emphasise the salient traits of the Aldermanic character. Pluto, looking jocosely fierce, with a sort of Rhadamanthus-cum-Joe-Miller expression, wearing the cap-and-bells, and armed with a pitchfork, will be shown "coming down heavily" on Proserpine—the original Flower Girl—who, dropping her basket of blossoms, is vainly endeavouring to evade the grasp of the despotic civic Dis. The Alderman, in true Music-Hall style, is singing a humorous impromptu of his own composition:—

"Trespass in the civic Enna?
Won't I give you salts-and-senna!
Dis appears!—fast disappearance
Of fast girls,—a regular clearance!
There, shut up! Obey my nod!
Pay two bob, or go to quod!
Which, I need not tell such ladies,
Is the modern name for Hades!"

It will at once be seen that this racy composition is as worthy of the Aldermanic Muse as the picture itself is subtly suggestive of the Aldermanic modes, moods, and manners. It is hoped that the voluntary contributions which will doubtless pour in from the public towards the cost of this well-deserved tribute, will be some sort of set-off to the snub administered to the worthy Alderman by the few foolish persons who subscribed their shillings on behalf of those brazen baggages of Flower Girls he so severely, yet humorously, "sat upon" the other day. Such contributions may be forwarded anywhere, by anybody who may be fool enough to send them. Further particulars will not be announced.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

A Comedy, in Three Acts.

ACT. I.

SCENE—A Desert. British Force entrenched, and Sentries seen marching up and down. Suddenly a yell is heard, and dark Forms, brandishing spears, break into the Camp. Confusion. Soldiers spring to arms. Terrible mêlée. After ten minutes' severe fighting, Enemy driven off.



THE BENT BAYONET OF OLD ENGLAND.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Private Thomas Atkins. "Corkscrew, Captain? Here's my Bayonet will do just as well!"

head, thus allowing the savages to spear our men at leisure. The same may be said of the Infantry bayonets; and I attribute the great loss of life on our side—fifty men killed, and one hundred and fifty wounded—to these facts, and to the regrettable circumstance that most of the cartridges had no bullets in them!"

ACT II.

SCENE—House of Commons. Party Debate expected on question of extending hour of School-Board polling from six to half-past. Obvious impotence of Questions exhibited by crowded House.

An Hon. Member wished to know if the attention of the Sub-Extra-Under-Secretary-for-War had been called to the statement of a Special Correspondent—(howls)—as to the unserviceableness of most of the weapons served out to our brave troops now fighting in Africa? ("Sit down!")

Mr. CHADBRAND had no reason whatever to suppose that there was a word of truth in the statement alluded to, and which had been forwarded by a mere Civilian Correspondent. (Cheers.) It was obvious that the officials of the War Office were in a better position to know whether bayonets had broken and guns jammed than a mere irresponsible scribbler, whose only claim to be heard on the subject was, that he had actually witnessed the events of which he wrote. (Hear! hear!) Probably his exaggerated statements were due to panic—(laughter)—owing to the proximity of the enemy. Fortunately Members of that House were able to exercise a calmer judgment; and he felt bound to tell them that the whole story was a concoction. (Cheers.)

ACT III.

SCENE—Aldershot, three months later. Owing to the return of the Troops, confirming in every particular the Correspondent's reports, and the pressure of the Press, the Government have at last reluctantly consented to have all weapons tested.

First Private Soldier. Hah! There goes another! (Sword snaps under the test.) Why, that makes twenty out of fifty, don't it?

Second Ditto (fiercely). Wish those blanked idiots who give us such weapons had to use 'em against a lot of howling Arabs, that's all!

Third Ditto. Ah, it's a crying shame! Yet, I suppose those who supplied and proved this rubbish—(pointing to heap of broken swords and bayonets)—will be able to hush it all up. Bless you, they won't be punished. They ordered a lot of our poor fellows to execution, all the same. Well, it's a rum world! (Left pondering.)

A WORD FOR THE FRENCH ROYALISTS.

THE Royalists I mean, are the members of the French Company at the Royalty Theatre. M. MAYER changes his bill so rapidly, that, to the most successful of the pieces played here sufficient time is not

allowed for what in London is now understood as "a run." He does not permit them to run, he makes them gallop, and no sooner are they started than they are off—here to-day and gone to-morrow—and are no more seen until they are reproduced, perhaps, in some of our theatres as adaptations from the French.

Adaptable as *La Doctoresse* undoubtedly is, it must be seen at its best on the French stage, and I strongly advise all, who like good French light comedy-acting, to see M. NOBLER and Mlle. MAGNIER as *Frontignan* and *Angèle* in *La Doctoresse*, by MM. FERRIER and BOCAGE, before M. MAYER removes it, as he infallibly will, unless the public insists on his keeping it in the bills for at least a month to come. The piece commences at a quarter to eight—or professes to begin at that hour,—though when I was there it was, I am glad to say, a good ten minutes behind time, thus enabling our appreciative party to see it from the rise of the curtain even to the fall thereof on the end of the Third Act,—and it is over at eleven; during which time you will get as many hearty laughs as are good for you in one evening. It is perfectly played. I am not saying that I consider the Palais Royal method of taking an audience into the Low Comedian's confidence as the perfection of histrionic Art,—no, I do not mean that,—it never will and never can be, except when such confidential asides are intentionally written to suit the manner of an Actor, as they were for the inimitable CHARLES MATHEWS (Heavens! how he has made tears of laughter course down my cheeks!); but, accepting this peculiarity as part of the game, then the acting of the principal parts in *La Doctoresse* is as good as any one would wish it to be, whether here or in its own native land. The first two Acts go with roars of laughter, due to the dialogue, the Actors, and the situations. The Second Act, in which the climax is reached, is very funny; but the third is comparatively weak, though the moral, which I will not anticipate by quotation,—except to say, that the curtain is "rung down" by *la sonnette de nuit*,—is, to my mind, worth the whole Act.

For an invalid troubled in liver a fee to *La Doctoresse* is money well laid out. Her motto is "Down with the dumps!" The plot belongs to the old family group of *Un Mari à la Campagne*.

There is, to quote Messrs. PAULTON and BROUGH, "Not too much plot, but just plot enough."

Woe, Pegasus! I mustn't drop into poetry. Let the theatre-going public, and specially that portion of it which enjoys the Criterion pieces, and the bustling touch-and-go Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM, lose not a moment, but go and see *La Doctoresse*. And if they don't thank me afterwards for my recommendation, and, if there be any gratitude in them, give me a handsome testimonial, my name is not their humble and devoted servant, BROAD NIBBS.

P.S.—By the way, I must mention a performance of an amateur burlesque, by military amateurs, at Chelsea Barracks, who evidently will never be Chelsea pun-shunners. There was a go and a heartiness about the playing which would have made the success of a worse piece than this. The singing and dancing were of excellent quality: the stage-business and the topical hits most amusing, and the scenery and costumes highly effective. The style of the burlesque was of that sort of variety entertainment form which was introduced long ago here when Miss LYDIA THOMPSON played in *Blue Beard* with Messrs. BROUGH and EDOUT, and which the two latter have recently done their best with *The Babes*, to perpetuate. There were no *Vivandières* playing, the Actors being all on the "spear side," and none on the spindle.

WHAT does BISMARCK'S "Schnapps Monopoly Bill" mean? Has he taken to steady drinking, and wants to have all the Schnapps to himself? Such a jolly dog must be muzzled, and that will interfere with his Schnapping.



La Doctoresse, and her Husband begging her pardon—An 'Ealer and a Kneeler.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS. Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

AN ENGINEER'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

The *Liverpool Daily Post* says: "A day or two ago a gentleman, while in conversation with a prominent army officer, was made acquainted with a most thrilling account of prolonged suffering and ultimate rescue experienced by one of the oldest engineers in Liverpool. The name of the latter gentleman is Mr. William Buchanan, who, upon being visited, made the following statement: 'I have been twenty-four years in the service of the Cunard Steamship Company, and I reside at 8, St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool. Two years ago, while attending church one day, I was suddenly attacked with a most excruciating pain in my head, which so completely prostrated me that I had to be conveyed to my home. Then followed twelve months of agony, which it is utterly impossible to describe. I had to resign my position, being entirely incapacitated from work. Medical opinion was divided as to what my malady really was. One doctor decided that I was suffering from a rheumatic affection of the brain, another that it was an overflow of blood to the brain, and a third that it was acute neuralgia of the head. All agreed, however, that it would lead to softening of the brain. Six of the most eminent physicians in Liverpool attended me, and afforded me no relief. My case was regarded as incurable, and my sufferings were so great that I often became unconscious and fairly crazy from pain. I could neither see nor hear for days at a time, and during the fearful attacks of pain my cries often attracted the attention of the neighbours. My house was pointed out as one in which a man lay at death's door, and some of my paroxysms of pain were so great that it required two and sometimes three strong men to hold me in bed. My physicians held consultations, but all of no avail. My sufferings remained the same. My family were in despair, and at one time they regarded me so near death that, in addition to three physicians who were in attendance, two clergymen were summoned to my bedside. At that time my wife's attention was called to a new remedy which was then being introduced, and which claimed to be a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. She procured a bottle, and applied the contents to my head. Neither she nor I had any confidence in the remedy, but it was like a drowning man catching at a straw, and it looked like the last hope. The remedy acted like magic. It saved my life. I feel sure, my family and my friends feel sure, that had I not used it I would be dead, instead of alive and hearty and in perfect health, as you see me here. All other treatment had entirely failed, and wonderful to relate, I have never had the slightest return since I was cured some months ago. I have re-entered my old position, and in giving you the foregoing facts, I can only repeat that St. Jacobs Oil—which is the remedy referred to—saved my life. My case is no secret. My friends and neighbours know all about it, and are likewise familiar with my terrible sufferings, and my former helpless and hopeless condition. My cure was considered so marvellous—it has become much talked over and is well known—that I have received over 200 visits and letters on the subject. To all of these I have simply stated the facts as I have related them to you.'

"A call was then made upon Messrs. Bidden & Co., Chemists, 399, Stanley Road, Kirkdale, from whom Mrs. Buchanan procured the Oil, and Mr. Gill, the manager, fully verified the statement which had been made to the reporter, and said that this was only one of the many remarkable cures by St. Jacobs Oil which had come under his personal notice. He also added that his firm were daily receiving expressions as to the wonderful benefits people derived from the use of this marvellous Oil, especially when suffering from rheumatism or neuralgia."

Such remarkable facts as these elicited must convince all that the remedy referred to marks a most decided advance in the science of cure. Its powers seem truly magical.

FROM ENGLAND TO SYDNEY ON BOARD THE "SAMUEL PLIMSOLL."



CAUTION.—Examine each bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages Now to Prevent Disease.

Prepared only at Eno's Fruit Salt Works, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

"DEAR SIR,—I have just received a letter from my daughter, who sailed for Sydney last April, as Assistant-Matron of the *Samuel Plimsoll*, in which she says:—'I am sorry indeed, dad, to hear how the winter has tried you. Make up your mind, and come out here. You will never regret it. And don't forget to bring some ENO'S FRUIT SALT. It was the only cure on board for sea-sickness. I gave it nearly all away to those who were ill, which seemed to revive them, and they soon began to rally under its soothing influence.'—I am, dear Sir, yours faithfully, TRUTH, 6, Asylum Road, Old Kent Road, S.E. Mr. J. C. ENO."

ROPER
FRÈRES'
FIRST QUALITY
CHAMPAGNE.
VINTAGE 1880.

CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY (LIMITED).

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IRISH WHISKY. First Prize Medal, Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1879; First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize Medals, Cork, 1884.

"VERY fine, full flavor and Good Spirit."—*Jurors' Award, Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876.*
"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine a specimen as one could wish to see."—*Jurors' Award, Cork Exhibition, 1884.*

THIS FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and cases by
CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY (LIMITED), MORRISON'S ISLAND, CORK.

SILVER MEDAL, HEALTH EXHIBITION, LONDON, 1884.

HEERING'S ONLY GENUINE COPENHAGEN CHERRY BRANDY.

Est. 1818. 9 Prize Medals. Gold Medal, Paris, 1879. London, 1884.
PETER F. HEERING, FURNISHED BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL DANISH AND IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURTS, AND H.M.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

The delicious product of the finest East Morella. Supplied to Her Majesty at all the Royal Palaces.

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY.

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